

Dope Beat (Instrumental)

Boogie Down Productions

[krs]i got a dope beat?
[all]you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat..
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat..
[all] you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat!!
[all] we got a dope beat!!My name is at the top of all of those that mix
I'm turnin poetry into cash for eighty-seven
Some did it got paid, some jams were never played
But I am just a poet who watched the whole parade
Go by, and why? cause they wasn't fly
Others claim to be fresh, but they're not krs
I cannot walk around the street, with my head in the clouds
Either runnin on my gear, or havin colors too loud
Everything must coincide with the way I feel
And by the way, it's scott larock on the wheels of steel
So I take one step, to adjust the mic
I get around the whole city so I do wear nike
I like a funky beat, a studio like unique
I write the crazy fresh lyrics and I don't eat meat
You can look me up and down, and my dj too
Because we make up the boogie down productions crew
Takin out mc's - on the 1, 2, 3
No matter who they claim to be in society
Because we know their games, we have pulled their file
If they need a different style we can get wild
He's i.c.u., he's out to kill
I'm krs, and we get ill
Dj scott larock got his own beat
The extravagant life, is what we seek
I will tell you like this, cause I know for a fact
I will live a long life, and I don't smoke crack
Captivatin the crowd, seven days a week
You know what they told me to say? I got the dope beat[krs]i got a dope beat
[all]you got a dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat
[all]we got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat?

[all] you got a dope beat

[krs]i got a dope beat!!

[all]we got the dope beat!!For me to say again another verse of my rhyme

Means what you heard before must've blew up your mind

So now it's time, to find, poetry like mine

Do not waste all your time because I'm one-of-a-kind

Pullin out, easy goin cause the money be flowin

6'4", brown eyes, and I'm always showin

Stupid mc's on the mic the way it 'posed to be done

They study rhymes all week, but I be rhymin for fun

When they lose they get upset, always pullin a gun

But they will snap out of that, because I'm krs-one

Not two, not three, but o-n-e

Get it right the first time I won't repeat this rhyme

If you think that you can burn me with your amateur ways

Keep in mind that I been out there, from back in the days

I don't braaaaaaaaag, about the people I know

Because they're still bluffin, they're not givin me nothin

I can walk around the city with the rhymes I flaunt

Cause no matter how you front they're still the ones you want

See, I am funky fresh and poetry is my opinion

Takin out you suckers while the scott larock is spinnin!.. *guitar interlude* ..My name is krs-one, I'm still kinda
young

I don't wear adidas cause my name ain't run

Got nike's on my feet, and to be complete

I can rock an american or reggae beat

Got rhymes for 70's, 80's, and 90's

Not bein conceited but it won't pay to try me

Out to any feud, any battle, any reason

Make the rhymes up every season this style I'm just teasin

Pick up the pace, homeboy, pick up the pace

You're way behind schedule, listen to what I'm tellin you

This particular style may vary

The things I converse about are heard rarely

Some can't bear me, others try to scare me

Soundin intelligent but not yet equivalent!!

You know what? ?[all]you got a dope beat

[krs]i got a dope beat!

[all] we got a dope beat

[krs] I got the dope beat?

[all]you got the dope beat

[krs]i got the dope beat!

[all]we got the dope beat!

[krs]i've got the dope beat!

[all]you've got the dope beat

[krs]i got the dope beat!
[all]we got the dope beat
[krs]beat that we got? ?
[all] the dope beat!I.c.u., is in the house...
Miss melody, is in the house...
Lena love, is in the house...
D-nice, rocks the house...
Gold miss idol, rocks the house...
Flavois walker, turns em out...
40th street black, knocks em out...
To my mellow moses gun, rock the house...
Naughty, bust it out...
Mcboo, turns it out...
Chuck chillout, cuts it up...
Red alert, breaks it out...
Scott larock jr..
My pride and joy...
Krs-one.. his mother's first son
And no he'll never run...
Bd... bd...
Scott larock...
Scott larock

Songwriters

PARKER, LAWRENCE KRSONE / STERLING, SCOTT MONROE
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